

"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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THE END.



PUCK.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, February 8th, 1893. — No. 831.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AS TO AN OLD SAYING. "CONCERNING THE dead, naught unless good." This is the verbal translation of a Latin saying which seems to us to have stood much warping from its original purpose.

It may be said of it that it has in its time covered a multitude of charities. The weakly sentimental have constantly taken it to mean no more than an exhortation to say good things of the dead, or a prohibition of adverse criticism not meant to imply that much may not be said of the dead, whatsoever dead it be, so long as that much is not to a condemnatory effect. Of course these soft and melting folk wholly miss the value of the wise law laid down by the gentle old heathen. He never intended to encourage wholesome and undeserved praise of the dead, or the exclusion of all honest criticism from our records of their lives and our summings up of their lives' lessons. What the Latin proverb-maker meant should be plain enough: if you have no good to say of the dead, keep silent.

It is in no spirit of unkind or revengeful silence that we take our last leave of a public man whose name we have scarcely mentioned during the last ten years save to oppose him in the most cherished purpose and ambition of his life. It is rather in a spirit that is glad to give over the duty of judging, of criticising and of combating, and that desires in no wise to trouble a rest that follows long struggle and much suffering. We have nothing to withdraw of what we have too often had to feel it our professional duty to say of Mr. Blaine: on the other hand, we regard him as far too notable a figure in the history of his times to feel inclined to insult his memory with the trite and commonplace compliments to his strongly individual personal qualities, with which cheap coin some of the journals of the day seem to think they may pay a conscience-debt to the sanctity of death—making thus some sort of causeless and unasked-for amend for an honest hostility during life. The mere record of what Mr.

Blaine accomplished for himself in the way of popularity, fame, influence and power in party leadership is in itself probably the very obituary with which Mr. Blaine would have chosen to tell the story of his life just closed. To ascribe qualities of cleverness, and capacities for popular power, to one who has achieved such a record is to belittle both man and record.

What we had to say of Mr. Blaine, we said of him during his lifetime, openly, frankly and straightforwardly, in the way of honorable opposition, and we said it because we believed we had to say it in order to deal fairly and faithfully with the public, and most especially with the readers who had learned to trust us, and to be guided by what we thought and said. Having had no other motive than this in saying it, what we said remains good to this day, and all we have to regret as to it is the necessity that called it forth. We held that Mr. Blaine had disqualified himself for the Presidency, and we said so distinctly, emphatically and repeatedly. That the great court of national opinion held with us, is now beyond all doubt or question. This was the position we took more than ten years ago; this was the position we stuck to when sticking to it forced us into the bitter and hazardous fight of 1884. Like many another who, for conscience's sake stood in that same position, we had to suffer the sharp injustice of finding ourselves accredited with countless slanders, calumnies and extravagances of accusation for which we were neither directly nor indirectly responsible. It was a time of heat, strong feeling and excitement, wherein there was much example of unmanly and underhand fighting. It means something to us now, that we still may stand by the thing we said then.

"Let naught but good be spoken of the dead."

Put it as loosely as you please, it is no counsel of universal application. If we thought that the example of Mr. Blaine's life, the influence of the ideas by which he shaped his course in the sight of the world, the ambitions and ideals which his conduct and example inculcated, were likely to remain, now that he is gone, as a power to influence the minds of young men, we should rise up here and now to bear witness against them. But we believe that their false and illusive attractiveness has departed with him. His power with the people was a power that appealed only to the transient, the perishable, the weak and excitable side of the American nature. It can not last beyond the span in which he exercised his individual spell. If it was his to lead many minds astray by the meretricious brilliancy of his career; if it was his to dazzle young eyes with the same light that dazzled his own, we feel sure that he did no more than "disturb our judgement for the hour"—

"But at last silence comes."

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

"Naw," said Patrolman McAnarest, "a mon kin niver tell wot he 'll do in a pinch antil he gets pinched himself."

AT THE LUNCH COUNTER.

"There's Bonely yonder, getting way with corned beef and cabbage and a plate of doughnuts. How can a man of his delicate build eat such a combination as that?"

"Humph! It's just the combination he's eating that gives him his delicate build!"

A FREAK.

BESSIE.—He was very impudent. He put his arm around me twice.

JESSIE.—Humph! He must have had a very long arm.

ANOTHER REASON.

HOWELL GIBBON.—I love the deah gulls, but when they begin to chattah I cahn't heah myself think.

ETHEL KNOX.—Perhaps you — eh — don't.

IN THE BUREAU OF INCUMBRANCES —
"Harper's Drawer."

WHEN A MAN unexpectedly steps into a fortune, he can not be up-braided for having put his foot in it.



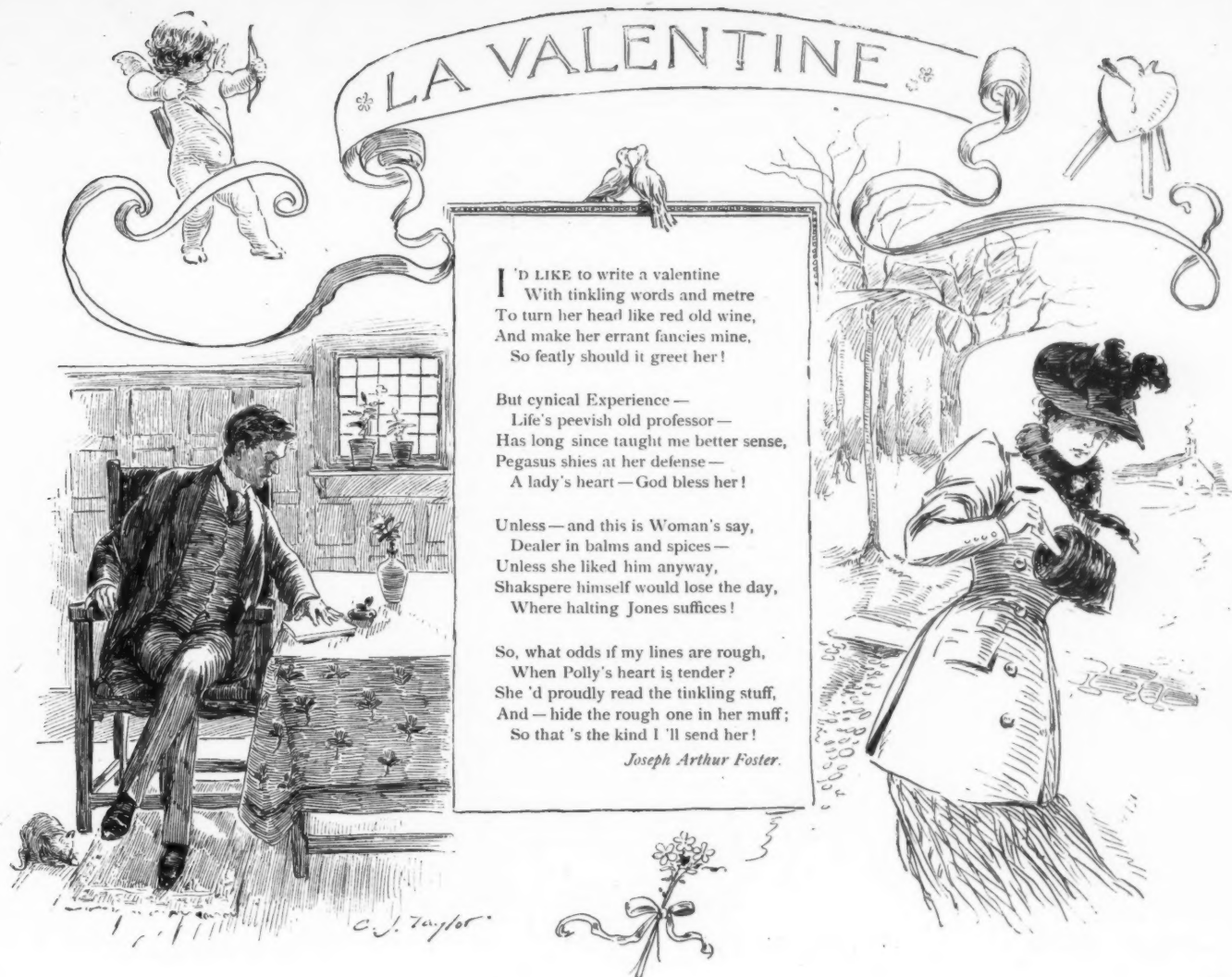
MORE COMPACT THAN COMFORTABLE.

MRS. HASHOUSE.—Taken the bed from your room? Oh, no, sir! That desk is your bed, the very one you slept in last night. But really, you would never suspect it was a bed, would you?

NEW LODGER.—No-o-o; not after sleeping in it.



C. L.



A SUCCESSFUL WOOING.

He used to hold her on his knee
 Each evening, when he went to court her;
 But now, each evening, proudly he
 Holds on his knee her little daughter.



A QUEER PROCEEDING.

MARJORIE.—Mama, does n't that man act silly?
 MAMA.—What do you mean, child?
 MARJORIE.—See! He's trying to blow the horn with his ear.

A DIFFICULT VARIETY TO OBTAIN.

BARNES (*laying aside a letter*).—I'd like t' git this 'ere feller fer a hired man.
 MRS. BARNES.—Why, Josh?
 BARNES.—'Cause he signs himself "Your obedient servant."

THE ONLY CHANCE HE HAD.

MRS. MCCORDLE.—It strikes me that it is awfully disagreeable for you to talk in your sleep every night.
 MCCORDLE.—I agree with you, my dear; but I have to improve my opportunity, you know.

LACKED QUALIFICATIONS.

"He did not make a good preacher, you say?"
 "He could n't expect to. He had n't been wild in his youth."

ESTELLE.—Murilla thinks a great deal.

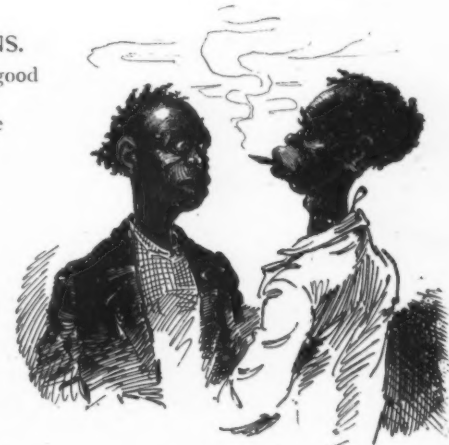
MILLCENT.—You surprise me.

ESTELLE.—She thinks she is pretty and thinks so all the time.

UPSON DOWNES.—Parve-neer believes in pruning his genealogical tree.

ROWNE DE BOUT.—How is that?

UPSON DOWNES.—He cuts his poor relations when he meets them.



FISHLIKE.

UNCLE JAKE.—Some men, Ike, is like sharks, werry owdacious; an' some is flat, like floundahs, only flattah. But dere's one thing wharin all men is like some kinder fish or anuddah. Man keep he mouf shet, he safe. Same wid fish.

FERRY.—Giglamps will never be troubled by his wife having the last word; he married a deaf mute.
 TRAIN.—But she talks on her fingers, does n't she?
 FERRY.—Yes; but Giglamps is nearsighted.



TONY.

Retold from the French of
M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT
by
H. C. BUNNER.



I DO NOT translate this story from M. Guy de Maupassant's French, because I can no more translate the charm of that French than those little machines with rolls of perforated paper can grind out a tune in the way that Mr. Paderewski plays it. Out of respect for the best artist who ever fashioned a short story, I won't make the attempt; but I will, if you please, take the bare facts of this little tale, and re-tell in my own way what he originally told in a way that is very much better, but that is also French—and so finely French, too, that you have got to get the French language right into your bones to feel all its delicacy and force.

It's a simple enough tale to tell, so far as the story goes. It is about a great big, fat, good-natured, gluttonous, simple-minded inn-keeper who kept quite a famous little tavern in the town of Tournevent, in Normandy. Far and wide in the valley in which it nestles, the tavern, which bore the sign of "The Friendly Cup," was known for its honest wine and its marvelous hot-spiced dishes—delicious concoctions, but so hot with pepper and all manner of hot things that they brought tears to the eyes, and seemed almost to justify the inn-keeper's assertion that they both warmed the stomach and cleared the brain.

But Tony himself was almost as much of an attraction as his wine and his devilled dishes. He was so fat, to begin with; he had such a great round dumpling of a face on top of his great round pudding of a body; he looked at you with such an innocently roguish, yet kindly eye, that you could not help feeling, when he sat down at your table and talked to you, as though you were enjoying the society of a freak of nature and a comedian put together, for the paltry price of a glass of wine. For Tony had a most delightful way of making fun of people without offending them, and you could make all the fun of him you pleased without disturbing in the least the unruffled serenity with which he took life and all that life brought—fat, for instance, an unquenchable thirst and a shrewish wife.

Old Ma'am Tony, as she was called in the neighborhood, was all that Tony was not—shriveled and thin, wrinkled, sour, unblessed with even the most rudimentary sense of humor, the most sordid and narrow type of French peasant-woman, without an appetite in the world, unless avarice, biting, gnawing, cankering avarice can be called an appetite. Ma'am Tony's chief business in life was the raising of plump chickens for market, a business in which she was both expert and successful. Outside of this, her one avocation was making herself disagreeable to her husband. In this business, however, she was neither expert nor successful, for although Ma'am Tony was far-and-away the most disagreeable woman in the country-side, and had a manner of language that would curdle milk, nothing that she could say or do could disturb the genial, over-fed placidity of that pleasant mountain of flesh; and, moreover, even had she succeeded in making him as unhappy as he was capable of being, she felt that his pain would be as nothing in comparison with the suffering of spirit which his very existence caused her. The mere thought of him was an offense to her soul—mainly because she had such a mean little soul. She hated him for his fat, which seemed to her miserly mind a waste and an extravagance—something which somehow might have been reduced to good silver coin and hoarded away in her old blue woollen stocking. She hated him for his good nature and his pleasant humor, that were vanities which she could neither enjoy nor understand. She hated him for his friends, who were, of course, the idle drinkers of the village, and she hated him for his elephantine capacity for drink, although he never got drunk, and his conviviality served only as a profitable bait for business. Although each glass he drank sold two more, Ma'am Tony could never bring herself to see that it was only one way of turning over capital, and a bitter rage burned in her heart as she saw the good red wine go down that enormous gullet and feed his bursting veins of red and purple. She scolded in lan-



guage too hideous for transcription. He laughed until his fat cheeks swallowed up his eyes, and geyed her with great, coarse, hearty, good-natured jokes, which his boon companions greeted with roars of merriment, although the jokes were the same, day after day.

"You wait!" his wife would shriek, her throat husky and dry with scolding; "you wait, you puff-ball! You'll burst some day; you'll burst like a bladder! You're a wind bag, you are—you're no man!"

"Good solid meat, old woman; good solid meat," Tony would chuckle, and then, baring an arm big as a trooper's thigh, he would hit it a resounding slap and shout: "Put some of that on your blamed old poultry! How's that for a chicken-wing, hey?"

The tavern roysterers pounded the tables in their delight, and the old woman would back off to her poultry-yard, furiously sputtering with the last remains of her breath: "You'll burst, you beast!"

Tony did not burst, but something else happened to him that was almost as horrible in its way. A stroke of paralysis rendered his huge form as helpless as an overturned turtle. They put him to bed in a little closet next to the public room of "The Friendly Cup," and it was not many days before all the town knew that Tony would never more move the gigantic legs that had been his pride and the jest of his neighborhood. Inert, struck with the immobility of a living death, yet clear of mind and lusty of appetite as of old, this huge hulk lay in a narrow bunk-like bed that was made afresh but once in the week, on Saturday afternoon, when four sturdy laboring men lifted him by the arms and legs.



It was Tony still, but Tony with a difference—Tony helpless and afraid, before the she-devil of a wife with whom his fate was cast—the same fun-loving, thirsty Tony, now compelled to listen in abasement to her vile abuse and to be the patient and uncomplaining victim of her incredible meanness and stinginess. She cut him down to an ordinary man's allowance of wine, and she counted every spoonful of food she put into his mouth, and while she fed him she taunted him with his utter uselessness.

Yet he was content enough when she would let him alone to lie in his little bed, making from time to time one of the few motions that was left to him—a slight shifting of his ponderous body to the right or to the left—and listening to catch through the partition the sound of familiar voices in the tavern room.

"Hi, Pierre!" he would shout, "that you?"—And Pierre would answer: "Aye, aye, old man; how you getting along?"—"Oh, I'm settling down, settling down!" Tony would reply cheerily.—"Losing any flesh?"—"Not a pound. I'm making."

And, indeed, in spite of his meagre diet and the seasoning it got from Ma'am Tony's imprecations, the great creature was actually increasing in flesh.

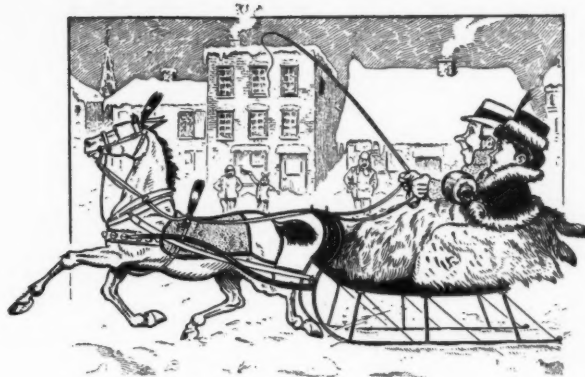
After a-while he began to have more companionship. First it was a young rooster that came in from the poultry yard, and sat upon the window-sill and crowed. Then some little chickens got into a way of wandering in through the open door to pick up crumbs of bread near his bedside, and he took great pleasure in their little weakling peeps and their funny little aimless flights. Then his old friends began to drop in and chat with him, finding his wit as fresh as of yore, and Tony found out what it is to be a professional funny man; for his entertainment of his friends was the price of their society, and his humor was his sole stock-in-trade. They played backgammon, among themselves, and surreptitiously treated him to his own wine. But there were days when his wife, passing by and casting her eyes upon this picture of simple contentment, would be seized with an unspeakable rage, knock the backgammon board into the air, and drive his cronies out of doors at the point of her tongue. Then she would tell her husband that he was a good-for-nothing and expensive beast, and go grumbling back to her poultry yard.

Of Tony's three closest companions, the long cabinet maker, the little apothecary and the crooked watch-maker, only the third dared to stand up against the rages of Ma'am Tony. He was an untamed and fearless bachelor, with a spirit of devilry in him as curiously warped and crooked as his physical frame. Prosper Horslaville was his name, and he was the acknowledged leader and chief of the trio. He did not hesitate to chaff Ma'am Tony to her face, and to make her literal dullness the butt of his ingenious malice.

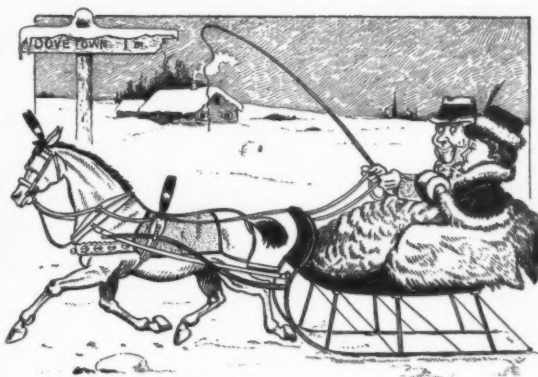
"See here," he said to the old woman one day when she had more viciously than usual bewailed her hard lot in having to take care of what she called her paralyzed pig; "see here," he said, "do you know what I'd do with that old man of yours if I had him? There he is lying in bed all day doing nothing, and as hot as a furnace. Why don't you make him hatch eggs?" Ma'am Tony stared at him, uncertain whether or no he were making fun of her.



THE SLEIGH RIDE;
or,
HOW CIRCUMSTANCES MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN THE PACE.



I.



II.

HIS HORIZON.

U. NEAU.—What is the news?

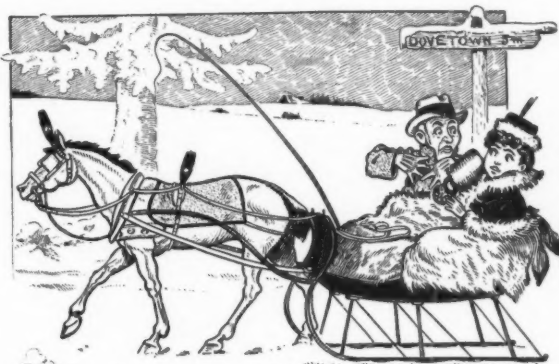
E. GÔT.—I am very well, thanks.

ON THE STYX.

"Well, Napoleon," said the shade of Frederick the Great, "they are writing a great many of your lives up on the surface."

"Yes," returned Bonaparte; "they have n't struck the right one yet, though."

"Did you lead a right one?" queried Frederick.



III.



IV.

NEEDED IT BADLY.

MR. DAMSIC.—Doctor, I want a little dose of nerve tonic, if you have something handy.

DR. BISMUTH.—There you are; nothing serious the trouble, I hope?

MR. DAMSIC.—Oh, no! just a bracer; I called to ask the amount of your bill.

UNREASONABLE.

DIME MUSEUM MANAGER.—What's that infernal racket upstairs?

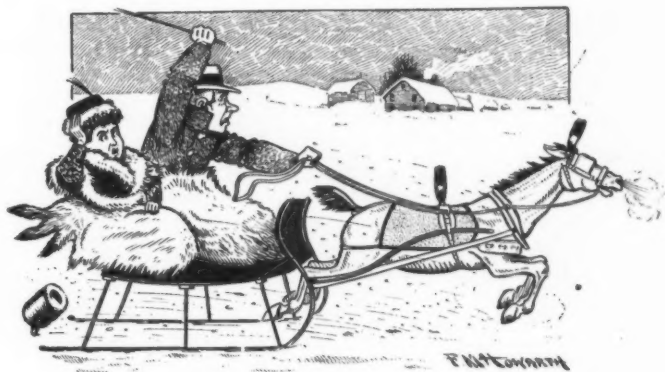
ASSISTANT.—The India Rubber Man fell down and broke his leg, and he's kicking because they're carrying him out on a stretcher.



A SILLY QUESTION.

HARRY (the barkeeper, to EMPTY EDWARDS, who has been dallying with the free lunch for some time).—Say, don't you think you've eaten enough?

EMPTY EDWARDS.—See here, do I look like a man who has eaten enough?



V.

TO A FAIR INCOGNITA.

COME FORTH, Oh, sweet and shy young maid—

Come to these hungry arms!
I like the fondness you've displayed
For all my manly charms.

Why hide yourself behind a cloud
And leave me here to mourn,
Till years my sturdy frame have bowed,
And made me mark for scorn?

I know that I adore your face,
(That is, if we have met).
Its burning beauty left a trace
My heart is bearing yet.
I'd prove, if I could see that pout,
The dimple in that cheek,
Leander but a country lout,
And Petrarch's passion weak!

I know that I can safely say,
You'll like my shape and style;
My moustachios curl the cutest way,
And I've a winning smile.
Be kind and send me your address,
Oh, maiden most divine,
For I must own I can not guess
Who sent that Valentine.

Harry Romaine.



CONVINCING PROOF.

LE GALLE.—I don't understand how it is the woman was acquitted of writing that libellous letter.

DE WITT.—The jury could not do otherwise. There was no postscript to it.

STONE BLIND — A Cat's Eye.

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY—
"What's Your Name?"

A DOG SHOW — Teeth.

A CASH BALANCE — The Scales of Justice.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL WEAKNESS.



POPLEIGH (*abroad*). — Tired! Why, I could bowl for hours and hours!



POPLEIGH (*at home*). — No, no! Papa will not roll the ball another time. Good gracious, child! I've been rolling that ball to you for five minutes, and my back is nearly broken.

HIS ONE QUALIFICATION.

SCENE.—Office of "The Daily Oracle." (*Larger circulation than any other newspaper on earth*).

JUNIOR CLERK (*to MANAGER*). — I would like to have a half-holiday this afternoon, sir, to attend the funeral of my grandmother.

MANAGER. — How is this, Mr. Quill? Since you have been with us you have already buried five grandmothers, and now you want to go to the funeral of yet another!

JUNIOR CLERK. — But — but this, sir, is the funeral of the mother of my fourth stepmother.

MANAGER. — You may go, Mr. Quill; and on the way to the cemetery you might consider an offer to take charge of the circulation department to-morrow morning.

PIN NOT your faith to any man
Who feels no throb of joy,
When to the circus he's a chance
To chaperon a boy.



THE WARNING TAKEN.

JACK BILLINGS. — Do you think it right for a fellow to kiss a girl suddenly, without warning?

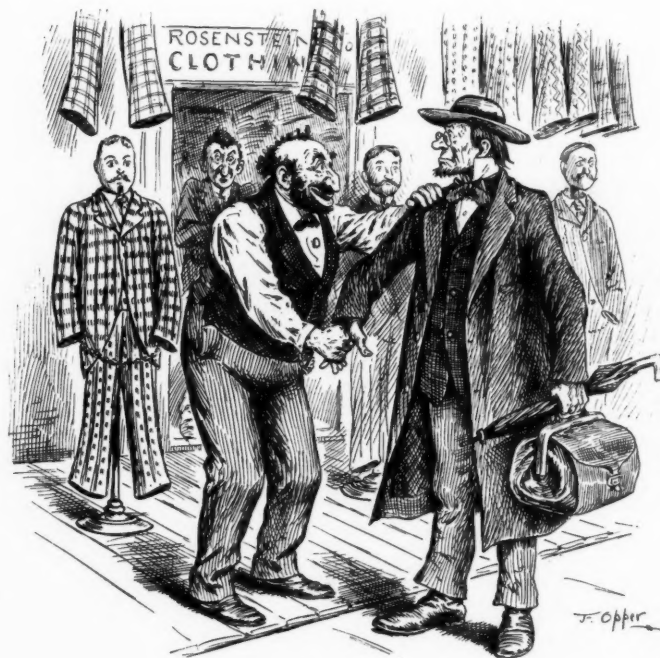
MAY COATINGS. — No; I do not.

JACK BILLINGS. — Neither do I. But how is he going to warn her?

MAY COATINGS. — I don't know of any better way than to ask some question like yours just now.

PARADOXICAL BOSTON.

"Boston is a paradoxical town," said Lynn. "She is a very wide city — but heavens! how narrow!"



ONE OF THE FAMILY.

ROSENSTEIN. — Let me sell you a suit, mein frient — you look splendid in it ven you go to dot Methodist church on Sunday!

PASSER-BY. — I don't go to the Methodist church. I'm a Swedenborgian.

ROSENSTEIN. — Come right in — dose Switzenbergers vas first cousins oht mine — I gif you a bargain!

"HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES."

"Surely, these are the golden days of literature! See how poets dress nowadays!"

"True — but fine feathers do not make fine bards."

A VALENTINE FOR PHYLLIS,

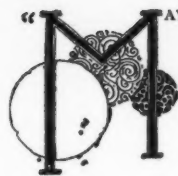
(*Who has joined a Cooking-Class.*)

To you, whose occupation's such
That all men praise it over-much,
When they digest your charming art
That finds its sure way to the heart,
What can PUCK say to such as you?
Marry, sweet maid! Go to, go to!

M. L. Smith.



WHY?



AY I GO and slide for a little while
On my sled down the long, white hill?"
Asked Willie one day, with a rosy smile,
As he stood at the window sill.

"You must stay in the house," his mother replied,
"While these North winds whistle and blow —
To prevent your contracting croup," she sighed,
"You must not venture out in the snow!"

Poor Willie was sheltered 'neath sorrow's wing
While his face grew long, and he said:
"Then I'd like you to tell me just one thing:
Oh, why did you buy me a sled?"

R. K. Munkittrick.

TRUE TO LIFE.

WHIPPER.—I want to send Miss Budlong a valentine that will depict her in her true colors.

SNAPPER.—Then get one of those hand-painted ones.

A DOG IN THE MANGER.

There's one variety of man
His fellows should ne'er forgive:
That's he who says life's not worth living,
And still continues to live.



ON THE BANKS OF STYX.

CHARON.—Does n't it pain you to see the clergy fighting you in your own domain?

SATAN.—The Tenderloin is n't my domain; I'm a modest man, I am.

EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY.

"Did n't Mooney serve two terms in Congress?"

"No-o; my recollection is that he served one, and was just about to serve another when his constituents pardoned him out."



MAINTAINING THE PROPRIETIES.

MISS FLYAWAY (of Rustleville — relating some experiences to HER BOSTON COUSIN).—Oh, it was too delightful! Just think of it! A sixteen mile sleigh ride with Gus in the late afternoon, just as the sun was descending and all that sort of thing, you know, — and then the ball —

HER BOSTON COUSIN.—But where was your chaperon? You did n't go sixteen miles away from home without a chaperon?

MISS FLYAWAY.—Why of course not, goosey. Mommer went down by train and met us at the ball-room door to accompany us in.

OVERLOOKED IN THE DEAL.

CLAGGETT.—You are a big, able-bodied man to be begging on the streets.

DUSTY RHODES.—I know it; but we can't all be in on dis Panama business.



THE ONLY WAY TO DO IT.

MADISON SQUEERS.—Look at that miserable little wait. He must have been terribly abused. We must get the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to look after his case.

TOM BIGBEE.—Indeed, we must! How can we get the poor child on the stage?

NO APPETITE.

PLUGLEY.—Take a bite of lunch wid me?

SLUGLEY.—I can't. I just had a scrap wid Corbett.

"HANDSOME ENGRAVINGS—CHEAP!"

And now the rural gentleman
Will send his dollar down
For "The Landing of Columbus"
To the clever man in town.

W. H. W.



FEMINE ECONOMY.

MRS. BARGIN.—Henry, I saved a clean twenty-five dollars to-day. I bought a Winter coat for twenty-five dollars, which had been reduced from fifty.

BARGIN.—But, my dear, the season is over for Winter coats, and the moths will eat it up before next Winter.

MRS. BARGIN.—Ah, I was too sharp for that! I added five dollars to the twenty-five I saved, and bought a cedar chest to keep it in!



"DON'T BE AFRAID, DOGGIE"



BOGGIE — WE WON'T HURT YOU!"

"That's what I'd do," went on Prosper, without the slightest movement of his facial muscles that could detract from his aspect of perfect seriousness; "I'd make him hatch eggs. Now, you take a setting of eggs the same day that you set a hen, and put half-a-dozen alongside of him, under one arm, and a half-a-dozen alongside of him, under the other; and then when the chickens hatch out, why you just give 'em to the hen. She can just as well take care of two broods as one."

A light of sordid speculation began to glitter in the old woman's eyes.

"Do you think it could be done?" she asked, thoughtfully. — "Could be done? Why, certainly. If you can hatch out eggs in a box with a lamp, you can hatch 'em out easy enough in a bed. Make the old man earn his living."



A week later Ma'am Tony entered her husband's room with an apron full of eggs. "I set the yellow hen to-day," said she, "on twelve eggs, and here's twelve for you. Now, see you don't break 'em." Tony stared at her in

astonishment and affright. "What — what — what do you mean?" he stammered. — "I'm going to set you, you good-for-nothing!"

At first he merely laughed, for he could not believe her. Then when he realized that she was in earnest, he remonstrated against the indignity that she offered him, growing as angry as it was in him to be, and showing the sulky petulance of an offended child. He rolled his great body from right to left, and positively refused to perform the functions of a hen.

"All right," said his wife, dryly; "no eggs, no dinner! Not a bite or sup but bread and water do you get until you hatch those eggs."

Noon-time came, and the steam of Tony's favorite soup spread its perfume upon the air, rich with spicy, enticing hints of garlic, bay-leaf, sage and tarragon. By his side were a crust of stale bread and a cup of water. In the kitchen hard by, Ma'am Tony moved about preparing the dinner, silent, obdurate, deaf to his remonstrances and entreaties. Tony held out until he heard the grit of her chair upon the floor and the clink of her spoon in the soup plate; then he succumbed, sold his manhood for a mess of pottage, and became a human hen.

In the afternoon his companions looked in as usual.

"You don't seem to be lying right comfortable," said crooked Prosper, casting an observant eye upon him. — "No," said Tony; "I'm a bit stiff to-day." — "Rheumatics?" — "Something like it," assented Tony, uneasily. — "Let me give you a rub down," suggested Prosper, pleasantly, advancing a horny hand. — "No, no," cried Tony; and in a nervous agony of dread he drew away, half rolling over.

There was a faint sound of crushing shells, and as the preliminaries for an omelette declared themselves under his left side, Tony cried out impulsively and unguardedly:

"Oh, my! Now I've done it!"

His wife heard him and rushed into the room. In her first fit of rage she broke the backgammon board over his head, and then, further maddened by this catastrophe, she fell upon him and beat him with her skinny hands until her withered muscles could no longer act, while Tony lay helpless, motionless beneath her blows, for fear of breaking the six eggs that yet remained with him.

The era of henhood had set in for Tony; his life was now given over to hatching. Rigid and still he lay, stretched upon his back, his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, breathing softly and even speaking low, as though he were afraid of prematurely waking his little charges. Once he broke an egg, and that day he had no dinner.

This was unnecessarily severe punishment: the pangs of conscience troubled Tony quite enough. For he had begun to take a strange interest in his new occupation; and before long he was even a little jealous of the yellow hen, who was setting out in the barnyard; and was much rejoiced when she in her turn stepped through an egg.

Tony's lot in life was now humble, it is true, but in some respects it was happier than before. He now received from his wife the consideration due to a setting hen, and he was better and more abundantly fed. More-

over, he succeeded in obtaining a double allowance of wine, on the ground that wine was heating.

To some extent he resumed his old position as an attraction to custom. The news of his new field of usefulness spread far and wide, and people came from everywhere to make the purchase of a drink an excuse for a peep at the colossus of eggs, as Prosper now christened him. They came into the room on tip-toe, as you enter the chamber of sickness, and asked after his health in whispers, to which he responded with the patient and reassuring smile of an invalid who does not wish to waste his strength in speech.

One day his wife came in to tell him that the yellow hen had begun to hatch out. She had three little chickens already. A thrill of delightful anxiety ran through Tony's frame. How many would he have?

"I'm doing my best," he whispered meekly to his wife; but she turned her back on him scornfully. "You never were any good," she said.

But Tony was not long behind his feathered rival. Just about supper time, a little faint, far-away sound of tapping caused Tony to cry aloud in uncontrollable glee. The news began to spread instantly. It went from house to house like wildfire. In five minutes the streets of Tournevent were full of people hurrying to the tavern, and in a short time the one public room was crowded with excited drinkers, chattering, laughing, and betting bottles of wine and glasses of brandy on the relative success of Tony and the yellow hen.

It was just six o'clock when the expected announcement made a sudden hush fall upon the house. As many as could get in Tony's little room pushed silently in. Others poked their heads in at the doors and windows, or stood on chairs to look over the heads of those in front. With infinite precautions, Ma'am Tony

drew from under the arm of the big man a tiny, downy little ball of yellow and black, that uttered a feeble and plaintive "peep!" Tears of joy and relief coursed down Tony's fat cheeks as his first chicken was gently passed from hand to hand, and examined and admired as though it were some rare curiosity.

As time passed on inquiries and reports went forward and back between the throng in the public room and the watchers in the little chamber. "How many is it now?" — "This one makes six."

Then arose a sound of laughter and applause and the clinking of glasses. Ma'am Tony pushed her way out into the yard, and delivered the six new arrivals to the yellow hen, who clucked a hearty maternal welcome, and spread her broad wings as though she were quite ready to give shelter to all the little chickens in the world. It was a beautiful April evening. The soft, warm air hardly stirred. A tender twilight haze lent a ghostly vagueness to the faint tints of the young vegetation. At the far end of the poultry-yard a young cockerel, alarmed by the distant noise of the applauding crowd, crowed defiantly.

The evening bells began to ring. "Seven!" announced Tony; "in my right elbow." But a greater triumph awaited him. Four had hatched out at once, and as the last one was lifted to the air Tony kissed it passionately and almost devoured it with his beaming eyes. "Let me have it," he pleaded with his wife. "Let it stay with me just this one night! I'll be so careful of it!"

But the old woman was stony-hearted. She bore the chicken away to its foster-mother, and then, returning, drove the crowd out of Tony's room, and shutting the door on him, left him to rest, exhausted, but triumphant, proud and happy.

For a long time the crowd lingered in the public room discussing the nine — or rather twenty-one — days' wonder, and it was past midnight when Ma'am Tony finally closed her doors. A belated passer-by accosted Prosper Horslaville, who was the last to leave.

"How is Tony, now?" inquired the citizen, pointing with his thumb to where the sign of "The Friendly Cup" hung, silvered in the moonlight.

"As well as could be expected."



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AWFUL SITUATION OF A FATHER, MOTHER AND THREE CHILDREN, CHASED BY WOLVES.
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ON A MADISON AVE. CAR.

A PLEASANT SOCIAL CHAT ON THEIR WAY TO BUSINESS.

WE CALL IT an old-fashioned Winter, probably, because, like everything else of the good old times, it is confoundingly uncomfortable.

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Phyllis, you're one in four hundred,
No maiden with you can compare:
You are an up-to-date girl. Why?
Because you are my world's fair!

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A BIG JOB.

DEACON WHITEWASH.—Fo' hebbens's sake, Mistah Brown, what 's de mattah wid yo' mawl?

MR. BROWN.—De ole woman an' me tried ter clip him wid er pair ob shears, an' we broke de shears. Now I'se gwine take him down an' hab him finished off by m'sheenry.

Keep a bottle of Cook's Extra Dry Champagne in your ice chest to entertain your friends.
It is splendid.

"When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou"—Bromo-Seltzer.

A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.

JACKSON.—Do you believe in the theory of a dual nature in man?
FAXON.—Yes. Why, look at old Hennessey! He's not himself to-night.

THE IDEAH!

DOLLY.—I heard that Cholly fainted last night.
CHAPPIE.—Yes. Somebody he had never met asked him if he were a man.

DOLLY.—Yes?

CHAPPIE.—Yes; and he has a man of his own, y' know.

OUT OF SIGHT.

WOULD-BE TRAGEDIAN.—What do you like me in best?

CAUSTIC CRITIC.—The wings.



THE GOVERNMENT WOULD BE STUCK.

Suppose that, while we've got these stamps,
They form a mucilage trust,—
Then heaven help us, gentlemen,
The government would bust!

W. H. W.



A MEAN, MEAN MAN.

MR. CREWELL.—If I had known you were going to have tried beefsteak, I would have asked Bromley to dinner.

MRS. CREWELL.—Bromley to dinner! I thought you hated him.

MR. CREWELL.—I do.

LEXICOGRAPHERS PLEASE NOTE.

WHIPPER.—Can you tell me just what a "variety actress" is supposed to do?

SNAPPER.—I think by that name one usually refers to a person whose acting varies between bad and worse.

THE SENSE OF IT.

The good Saint, with his mighty sway,
Has power from our faults to free us;
For it is only on this day
We see ourselves as others see us.

J. J. O'Connell.



IT IS now getting along toward the time when those who made Christmas gifts that were in the nature of a speculative investment are beginning to wonder what the dividends will be.

HOTEL TRAYMORE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
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MAMA.—The ice is very thin yet.

SMALL SON.—Well, I'm pretty thin, too.—*Street*

& *Smith's Good News.*

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SOHMER

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POSITIVE PROOF.—NO. 1.

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our National Guard
may be ever so
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company. — *Yonkers
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MOTHER. — Your
little sister has
been pulling you
on the sled for the
last half hour.
Why don't you
pull her?

LITTLE JOHNNY.
— I'm afraid she
'll catch cold. —
*Street & Smith's
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a spare minute.

To use it rightly is the secret of
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Does your watch occasionally "stop
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Rich men wear it. All styles
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PETE (*shiver-
ing*). — I tell ye,
Mike, me heart
aches for the rich
this Winter.

MIKE. — Why,
man?

PETE. — Think
of the coal they
have to buy, poor
things. — *Inter
Ocean.*

It is hard to tell
which is worrying
the Western people
the most, the silver
statue or a silver
statute. — *Yonkers
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The Victor Pneumatic Tire was mechanically right at the start and
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All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it, especially those that know what's what.

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"I DID N'T see you at the masquerade ball, Jimpson."

"No; I went as a ghost."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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BOARDER (shivering).—It seems to me the furnace is not working this morning, is it?
LANDLADY.—No; this is a legal holiday.
—*Inter Ocean.*

Tobacco Users Smile Sometimes
when told that tobacco hurts them: their wives never do, because shattered nerves, weak eyes, chronic catarrh, and other ailments, tell the story. If your husband uses tobacco, you want him to quit, post yourself about No-to-bac the wonderful, harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure, by sending for our little book titled: "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," mailed free. Drug Stores generally sell No-to-bac.
THE STERLING REMEDY CO.,
Box 970, Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana.

PARKER.—Nesbit is awfully credulous, it seems to me.
DUSTON.—What makes you think so?
PARKER.—Why, even his pictures flatter him.—*Inter Ocean.*

People used to buy a watch complete. Knowing ones do so no longer. They select their movement and then ask to see a case. People know about movements, they don't know much about cases. Please remember to ask your jeweller to see a Fahys Gold Filled Case hereafter for it will pay you to do so.

Fahys



A PROPHECY FULFILLED. — II.

THE EDITOR (after MENDICANT has gone out).—Great Scissors! A dime! That beggar must have dropped it. Well, his prophecy has come true, at any rate!

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

THE SINS that pay their rent promptly are the last ones we want to give up.—*Ram's Horn.*

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE-ROLLERS.
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE OF PATENT
OF
STEWART HARTSHORN
THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

IT DRIVES DULL CARE AWAY.

I. HE WHO readeth
PUCK'S LIBRARY
Needeth no apothecary;
By yon glorious luminary
He will soon grow fat!
And 't is true, to the contrary —
A most certain corollary —
He remaineth stationary
Who neglecteth that.

II. Cream may be his dietary
Fresh from some suburban dairy,
He may dwell on mount or prairie,
He may roll in wealth;
But life's greatest adversary,
Gloom, will catch him oft unwary:
If he read not PUCK'S LIBRARY
Poor will be his health.

III. He's a bookworm sedentary,
Of the joys of humor chary,
Or a foggy tertiary,
Who disdains to smile;
E'en the wise and literary
Oft are sad and solitary;
Well they know that
PUCK'S LIBRARY
Will their gloom beguile.

IV. Interview the commissary,
Ask of bonny blue-eyed Mary —
She who runneth Aqua Dairy —
If this be not true.
Never will their answers vary:
"He who readeth
PUCK'S LIBRARY
Needeth no apothecary;
It's the book for You!"
E. Frank Lintaber.

Arnold Constable & Co.
INDIA PONGEES,
CORAHs,
RONGEANTS.

OUR SPRING IMPORTATIONS
of these desirable fabrics will be found to present new
designs and colorings, and qualities unexcelled.

CHINA SHIRTING SILKS.

New glacé effects, Stripes and Checks,
extra fine qualities.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.

\$3.50 HUNTING CASE FREE
A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant richly jeweled gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch, pay our sample price, \$3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you One Free. Write at once as we shall send out samples for sixty days only.
THE NATIONAL M.F.B. & IMPORTING CO.,
334 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

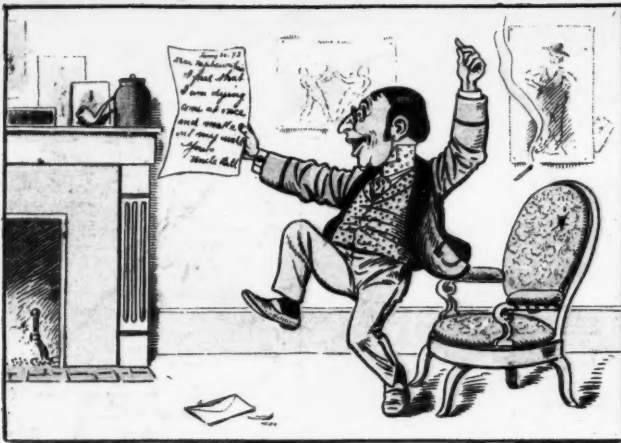
Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

EDEN MUSÉE, 23d Street, near Broadway
THE WORLD IN WAX.
First Appearance in America of
Princess Lily Dolgorouki,
Violinist to the Empress of Russia.
Marie Selika,
The Original Brown Patti,
Gaiety and Greville,
In Mystifying Psychonism.
Ando and Dume,
The Japanese Wonder.
Danko Gabor's Gipsy Band.
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

MY SWEETHEART'S THE MAN
IN THE MOON and 150 latest Songs all for
10 cts. H. J. WEEMAN, 132 Park Row, N. Y.

THE BARKEEPER'S FRIEND POLISH
at Druggists, 25c. a pound; 5 for \$1. Powdered form.
GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Mfr.,
295 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

BETTON'S PILE SALVE.
An old reliable and ever-helpful home treatment for piles, no matter how severe the case. It is as gentle as water, as soothing as balm, and quickly banishes the pain and torture of this distressing ailment. Betton's Pile Salve will cure piles of any type. A record of 50 years' success. At Druggists, or send 50 cents with name and address. Free by mail.
WINKELMANN & BROWN DRUG CO.,
BALTIMORE, Md.



1.
Jenks was a briefless counsellor, whose funds were always low,
So, when his uncle summoned him, he thought he'd better go.



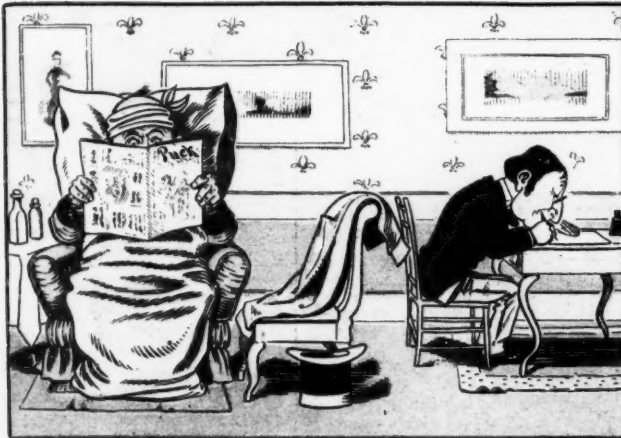
2.
Tears coursed his cheeks in rivulets, his uncle was so ill!
(He'd brought the necessary forms with which to draw the will).



3.
The old man gave him all the points, and Jenks began to write,
Well pleased to find himself the heir of all there was in sight.



4.
Which while he put in legal shape, his uncle thought: "What luck!"
As from his nephew's overcoat he drew a sheet called PUCK.



5.
He deemed 't might serve to drive away the thoughts of death and pain,
(The while his nephew wrote away with all his might and main).



6.
He read but half a dozen lines, when he began to shout
And roar aloud with laughter; Jenks in horror turned about—



7.
"Tear up the will!" his uncle cried; "I'm good for years a score.
I'm well again, that laugh has made me better than before."



8.
But once at home Jenks gave full vent to his unbridled rage,
And every week he buys a PUCK and rends it page from page.